I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt preforce, farewell. *Exit. Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment,
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,
'Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you, *Exit. Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,
Ile into vrge his hatred more to Clarence,

Line 17. the open 26. buſsards

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIB